Leicester, Mass.
Aug. 14/68.

Dear friend Webb,

I am just informed of your accident, and I tremble to think what you have suffered and what escaped, and how long it is since! Away back the 30th of July it must have happened. Why didn't you get one of your friends, Swydam or Norton, to write & let me know? My impulse is to start, even now, to go to you; but I shall at once despatch to you a telegraphic message to which I hope an immediate reply.

I want to be useful to you, and to time my going when it will help you. It is now just a week since your pencil note to S. J. May was written, & I hope in that time you have

much improved. If it would be ~~the best~~ a help, an advantage, a comfort, to you, when you are ready to travel, I will go on to Detroit any day you say; or if there is anything I can do for you, while on your back, that another cannot do, give me the word without hesitation. I wish to do everything I can for you. — I have all along felt sorry that you were wandering off all alone, — none of us Americans to do you the deserved honor of an escort. Had we known more of your plans beforehand, we might have arranged to be with you a part of the time.

But I have not time for another word. Affly Yrs

Sam'l Mayo

ms. B. 1, 6 v. 10, p. 57